A RELATION OF THE Fearful Estate OF FRANCIS SPIRA,

After he turn'd Apostate from the *Protestant* Church to *Popery*.

Compiled by *Nath. Bacon*, Esq;

To which are now added sundry the like dreadful Examples of Gods Judgments, on Persons of all Degrees, that have, for Fear or Worldly Interest, forsaken the true Religion which once they professed.

Together with

That incomparable *Lamentation* of the Great *Origen*, for his *Fall*, when he was again received into the Church.

LONDON, Printed for *Benjamin Harris*, at the *Stationers-Arms* and *Anchor* under the *Piazza* of the *Royal-Exchange* in *Cornhill*, 1683.

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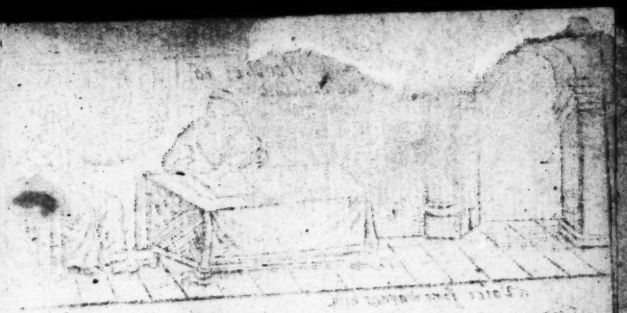

10 JY 60
MUSEUM

Spira by Slavish Feare doth Truth Deny,
And sets his Trembling Hand to Popery

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

READER,

Touching this New *Edition* with Additions.

THE Certainty, the Remarkableneſs, and the great uſe of this Relation of Spira, *has long ſince made it very acceptable to the ſober part of the World, ſo that it has been Tranſlated and Publiſh'd (as I am inform'd) in moſt of the Languages of* Europe: *And*

particularly great Numbers of them have been vended in England; *but being now out of Print, and I having purchaſed the Right of the Copy, I thought it very fit to Reprint it; for certainly never was there more need to Conſerve the Memory of ſuch* awakening Examples, *than in our preſent drowſie Age, wherein an Apoſtatizing Spirit ſeems to be let looſe, and not a few are ready to ſhift their Religion (as Seamen do their Sails) with every Wind; when there is ſuch an hankering after the Fleſh-pots of* Egypt, *and the Vines of* Sodom, *and the Grapes of* Gomorrah, *and the loathſome old wrinkled diſeaſed Strumpet of* Rome, (*long ſince Carted with deſerved ſhame out of the* Engliſh *Nation*) *begins with a little new Painting to look ſo lovely in ſome Peoples*

Peoples Eyes, that if we may gueſs at their Affections by their Actions, they are already half Enamoured of her Superſtitions and Idolatries, and could be content to proſtitute their Souls to her deſtructive Embraces.

Let ſuch falling Stars, *whilſt in this faithful Looking-glaſs they view* Spira's *dreadful Condition, read the Conſequences of their own Apoſtacy. God will not be mocked: There's no diſſembling with Heaven, no Maſquerading with the All-ſeeing Eye of Divine Vengeance, which, ſooner or later, will aſſuredly lay hold on them.*

To make this little Treatiſe more Serviceable, I have procured divers notable Preſidents of Gods Judgments viſibly inflicted on the like Sinners, to be added

ded thereunto, from ſeveral approved Authors. And yet have ſo ordered it, That the Book, with all theſe large Additions, ſhall be afforded at the ſame price as formerly.

Apoſtacy is a Sin moſt odious both to God and Man. 'Twas that firſt made Devils. The Angels (*ſaith the Apoſtle*) which kept not their firſt Eſtate, but left their own Habitation, he hath reſerved in everlaſting Chains under Darkneſs, unto the Judgment of the Great Day, Jude *the* 6th. *And certainly thoſe that Imitate* Lucifer *in this kind, may juſtly be ſaid to be of their Father the Devil, and muſt expect their Portion with him in the Fiery Lake in the next World, if they ſhould eſcape*

Divine

Divine Vengeance (as for the moſt part they do not) on this ſide the Grave.

Hence it is that the Zeal of our Proteſtant Anceſtors thought fit, by an Act of State, to Brand this horrid Sin with the Character of the moſt hainous Guilt, and grievous Puniſhment, making it no leſs than High-Treaſon *for any Subject of this Kingdom (of whatever Eſtate or Degree) that hath been Educated in the true Reformed Religion of the Church of* England, *by Law Eſtabliſhed, to be willingly reconciled to the Church of* Rome, *as appears by the Statute* 3 Jacobi, Ch 4. Sect. 23. *A Law to this Day in Force, and well worthy the reguards of all thoſe whom it may concern.*

Nor

Nor was the Zeal and Reſolution of that Wiſe and Learned Prince, King James *of glorious Memory, leſs to be applauded, of which we have a Signal Inſtance Recorded by a Reverend Judge to Poſterity, viz. That in the Second year after King* James's *coming into* England, *there being a Rumour ſpread, as if he intended, or were inclinable, to grant the Papiſts a Toleration, his Majeſty was offended thereat; as eſteeming it a very great Scandal on a Proteſtant Prince; and having aſſembled divers of the Nobles, he there Publickly declared, That he never had ſuch a Thought, and that he would venture the beſt Blood in his Body for the Proteſtant Religion, ſolemnly adding*

ding a Curſe upon any of his Race, that ſhould Apoſtatize to the Church of Rome, *ſaying,* If any of my Poſterity ſhall embrace any other than that true Religion which I now profeſs, I pray God to take them out of the World—— (*See* Crooks Reports 2 Jacobi.)

I ſhall only add my Wiſhes and Prayers, That paſt *Examples may prove future* Warnings, *and all that Read theſe Signal Inſtances of Gods Judgments, may thereby come to ſee the danger of Apoſtacy, and hold faſt the Truth, and not depart into the ways of* Baal-Peor, *or lick up the Vomits of* Aſhdod, *but conſerve the pure Faith, and walk anſwerable*

To the Reader.

ble thereunto in their Conversation, which will bring a Blessing *in Life, and* Comfort *in Death, and* Glory *to Eternity.*

Thine,

Benj. Harris.

Tenth of March, 168¾.

The Preface.

For truth of this Hiſtory inſuing, beſides circumſtances of Place, Perſon, Time, Occaſion, ſo exactly obſerved, I refer my ſelf to the Relation of thoſe Godly men, who in ſeveral Languages have manifeſted to the World the ſeveral paſſages thereof: and although I am not ignorant, that at the firſt they were not only not credited, but alſo diſcredited and ſlandered, by ſuch as found them to be a blur to the Roman *Profeſſion, yet they loſt not their luſtre thereby; but being acquitted by many Compurgators of ſeveral Nations, and ſome of the* Romiſh *Religion, being all of them ſpectators of this Tragedy, it occaſioned not only a further manifeſtation and confirmation of the Truth, but alſo a large and more frequent confluence, to ſee that which they had formerly only heard of. This partly appeareth out of the ſuceeding Story: But more fully out of an Apology written*

by Vergerius, *Biſhop of* Juſtinople, *who was accuſed for diſperſing the Fame of his Example to the ſtain of Popery, in which Apology to* N. Rottan, *Suffragan of* Padua, *is ſhortly and plainly declared what was ſaid, what was done, and who were preſent. If that it be demanded, what moved me to compile this Treatiſe of* Spira, *tell them, that it ſhould teach Fear and Reverence; and indeed among all thoſe that came to ſee him, few or none returned unſhaken.* Vergerius *in his firſt Epiſtle ſaith*, I would fain go ſee him again, but I exceedingly fear and tremble: *and in his Apology ſaith*, It is ſuch a rare Example as I would willingly go to the fartheſt parts of the World to hear or ſee the like. *The Lady* Jane *to her Fathers Chaplain (that had fallen into* Spira's *ſin) ſaith*, Remember the lamentable Eſtate of *Spira. I acknowledg that there hath been formerly a Book publiſhed in Engliſh, on this Subject; but as far as I can learn (for I could not get one of them) it was not ſo various and large as this Treatiſe; and as I have heard,*

heard, a Tranſlation of only one of the Tractates, whence in part I gather'd this Diſcourſe. Concerning my Care and Fidelity herein, I may truly ſay, without changing colour, That not one ſentence of all this Work attributed to the Perſon of Spira, *but it hath its warrant either from the Epiſtles of* Vergerius *and* Gribaldus, *Profeſſors of Law at* Padua; *or from the Diſcourſes of* Henry Scringer *a* Scotch *man*, Sigiſm. Gelons *a* Tranſilvanian, *and* Mart. Bocha *a Divine of* Bazil: *I have taken no other liberty than as a Relator, to weave the foreſaid Diſcourſes together, ſo as thoſe who under ſeveral were accounted ſeveral, I here make one intire Hiſtory, connected by due ſucceſſion of time and occaſion, as punctually as could be aimed at, by the Circumſtances noted in the Writings of thoſe holy and learned men before named.*

Extraordinary Examples of Divine Juſtice, GOD never intended for a nine days Wonder; elſe would he when he exemplified Lot's *Wife, have turned her into a Statue of melting Snow, not of laſting Salt; which ſtood as* Joſephus

ſephus *tells us*, till *his Age*, *after the Deſtruction of* Jeruſalem, *and as ſome Travellers report*, *ſtill at this day*, ut quoddam hominibus præſtaret condimentum quo ſapiant unde illud caveatur exemplum: Aug. de Civit. Dei, lib. 16. cap. 30. *for a ſeaſon againſt Corruption, a preſervative againſt Apoſtacy. This Tragedy, when freſh and new was the converſion and confirmation of ſundry Worthies,* Vergerius, *a daily ſpectator thereof, forſaking a rich Biſhoprick of* Juſtinopolis, *and tents of Antichriſt, went to* Bazil, *and dyed a worthy Proteſtant: many Nations had Eye Witneſſes of their own Students then in the Univerſity of* Padua, *who penned the Story, the Copies whereof are frequently revived: our Engliſh ones were very defective, and now worn out of ſhops and hands; ſundry Manuſcripts of this abroad, imperfect; which moved me to compare this labour of a worthy Gentleman (who faithfully tranſlated it out of* Italian, French *and* Dutch *Letters) with the* Latine *of* Cælius Secundus, Curio, Mattheus Gribauldus, *Profeſſors of the Civil Law in* Padua: Sigiſ-

Sigiſmond Gelons *a* Tranſylvanian, Henricus Scotus, *all daily Viſitors of* Spira, *and find it accord with them. Touching* Spira's *Perſon, I find moſt learned Writers do incline to the right and hopeful hand; moved by his ſweet, humble, and charitable ſpeeches; ſome few deſperate ones excepted, that fell from him in ſome little agonies, which kept him faſting and watching about ſix months ſpace, eating nothing but what was forc'd down his throat. The ſumm of* Calvins *and* Borrhons *their counſel is (who write largely of the uſe of this pattern) that all learn to take heed of backſliding, which Gods Soul abhors: and not to dally with Conſcienee, an Hell on Earth, if juſtly incenſed; more to be feared than the Spaniſh Inquiſition, or all the Strapadoes and Torments in the world; and to take heed of* Spira's *principal Errors: Which were to diſpute with Satan over-buſily in time of weakneſs, eſpecially to reaſon, and conclude from preſent Senſe to G^o^ds paſt Reprobation and future Damnati^o^n: both which is hard, if poſſible for any man to determine in his own, much more*

in others caſes: So commending thee to his Grace, who is able to eſtabliſh thee to the end, I bid thee farewel, and hope well, while the ſpace of Grace laſteth: Dum Spiras, ſpera; *ſo maiſt thou take good, and no hurt, by the reading of this terrible Example.*

N. B.

TO

TO THE AUTHOR and READER OF THIS HISTORY.

SOme ſcattered parcels of this Story lay
In Foreign Leaves, which had'ſt not found a way
Thus to collect, had { been an obvious prey, never ſeen the day.

Reader, would'ſt ſee how ſinning 'gainſt the light
Will quench and leave the ſoul in a ſad night
Of diſcontent? come hither then, look here,
And learn all ſuch light-quenching ſins to fear.

Reader, would'ſt ſee the comfort breathing Spirit
To grieve, what endleſs grief it doth demerit?
Come hither then, loook here,
Here ſee a ſoul that's all Deſpair; a man
All Hell, a Spirit all wound; who can
A wounded ſpirit bear?
Reader would'ſt ſee (what mayeſt thou never feel)
Deſpair, Racks, Torments, Whips of burning ſteel;

Come then, look here!
Behold this man, this furnace in whose heart
Sin hath created Hells: Oh, in each part,
What Flames appear!
His thoughts all ſtings, words, ſwords, brimſtone, his breath,
His ſight flames, wiſhes, curſes, life a death.
A thouſand deaths live in him, he not dead,
A breathing Courſe in living ſcalding lead:
And yet he lives our Monument to tell
How black are quenched lights?
Quencht joys are double frights,
Black days are double nights.
Heaven taſted, loſt, a double Hell.

I have call'd thee, Reader, pray ſo be,
Read this, that others *read* not thee.

Legas Hiſtoriam,
Ne fias Hiſtoria.

M. N.
10 JY60

A RELATION

Of the Fearful Eſtate OF *FRANCIS SPIRA.*

IN the Year 1548. when the glorious Sun of the Goſpel was but newly riſen in *Europe*, in the days of the Reign of *Edward* the ſixth of that Name, King of ENGLAND, in the Territory, and under the Juriſdiction of the City of *Venice*, being the very border of *Italy*, in the Town of *Cittadella*, lived one *Francis Spira*, a Civil Lawyer, an Advocate of great Rank and Eſteem, being of great Experience, of carriage circumſpect and ſevere,

his ſpeech grave and compoſed, his countenance ſharp and auſtere, every way befitting that Authority whereunto he was advanced; endow'd with outward bleſſings of Wife and eleven Children, and Wealth in abundance. What his worſt parts were, I have no other warrant than his own Words, which if not tainted over much with the bitterneſs of a deſperate mind, and bearing a countenance rather of paſſion than of ſober confeſſion) may ſeem to add a period to all further commendations.

'I was (ſaith he) exceſſively covetous of Money, and accordingly 'applied my ſelf to get by Injuſtice, 'corrupting Juſtice by deceit, inventing tricks to delude Juſtice; good 'cauſes I either defended deceitfully, 'or ſold them to the adverſary perfidiouſly; ill cauſes I maintained 'with all my might; I wittingly oppoſed the known truth; and the 'truſt committed unto me I either 'betrayed or perverted. Thus having worn

worn out forty four years, or thereabouts, and the news of the new, or rather, newly revived Opinions of *Luther* coming into thoſe parts, repreſented an object of Novelty unto him, who being as deſirous to know, as he was famous for knowledge, ſuffered not theſe wandring Opinions to paſs unexamined; but ſearching into the Scripture, and into all Books of Controverſies that he could get, both old and new, and finding more than fame or opinion, he began to taſte their nature ſo well, as he entertains, loves, and owns them at length; and with ſuch Zeal, as he became a Profeſſor, yea a Teacher of them, firſt to his Wife, Children, and Family; and after to his Friends, and familiar Acquaintance, and in compariſon, ſeemed to neglect all other Affairs; intending ever to preſs this main point, that *We muſt wholly and only depend on the free and unchangeable Love of GOD in the death of Chriſt, as the only ſure way to Salvation*: and this was the ſumme of all his Diſcourſe, and this conti-

continued for the ſpace of ſix years, or thereabouts, even ſo long as the fire could keep it ſelf within private walls; but at length, it brake forth into publick Meetings, ſo as the whole Province of *Padua* dawned by the luſtre thereof. The Clergy finding their trade of the Pardons to decay, and their Purgatory to wax cold, began to beſtir themſelves: gloſſing their Actions, firſt, with calumnious aſperſions upon the whole Profeſſion; then more plainly ſtriking at *Spira* with grievous Accuſations.

And to effect their purpoſe ſome promiſe labor, others favor, ſome advice, others maintenance; all joyn to divide either his Soul from his Body, or both from God.

Now was *John Caſa*, the Popes Legate, reſident at *Venice*, being by Birth a *Florentine*, and one that wanted neither Malice againſt thoſe of this way, nor Craftineſs to effect his malicious Purpoſes; to him theſe men repair with

with out-cries againſt *Spira*, that he was the man that condemned the received Rites of the Church, deluded the Eccleſiaſtical Power, and ſcandalized the Policy thereof; one of no mean Rank, being a man of Account and Authority, and thereunto learned in the Scriptures, elegant in ſpeech, and in one word, a dangerous *Lutheran*, having alſo many Diſciples, and therefore not to be deſpiſed.

At this began the *Legate* to caſt his eye on the terrible alteration that lately had happened in *Germany*; where, by the means of one only *Luther*, the Romiſh Religion had ſuffered ſuch a blow, as that it could neither be cured by Diſſimulation, nor defended by Power; but the Clergy muſt either mend their manners, or loſe their dignities. On the other ſide, when he ſaw how propenſe the common people inhabiting in the bordering Country of *Italy*, were to entertain thoſe new opinions, now thought it no time to diſpute or perſwade, but with ſpeed repairs to the

the *Senate*, and procures authority from them to ſend to *Spira*.

Spira by this time had conſidered with himſelf of the nature of his courage, how evident and notorious it was, and therefore ſubject to be envied by ſuch as neither liked his Perſon nor Religion: He perceived that his Opinions were neither retired, nor ſpeculative, but ſuch as aimed at the overthrow of the *Romiſh* Faction, and a change of Policy; and that his enemies wanted neither Power nor Occaſion, to call him to an account in publick, when he muſt either *apoſtatize*, and ſhamefully give his former life, yea his own Conſcience the lie, or endure the utmoſt Malice of his deadly Enemies; or forſake his Wife, Children, Friends, Goods, Authority, yea, his Dear Countrey and betake himſelf to a Foreign People, there to endure a thouſand Miſeries, that do continually wait upon a voluntary Exile.

Being

Being thus diſtracted, and toſſed in the reſtleſs Waves of doubt, without Guide to truſt to, or Heaven to fly to for ſuccour, on the ſudden, GOD'S Spirit aſſiſting, he felt a calm, and began to diſcourſe with himſelf in this manner:

'Why wandreſt thou thus in uncer-
'tainties, unhappy man? Caſt away
'fear, put on thy ſhield, the ſhield of
'Faith: Where is thy wonted courage,
'thy goodneſs, thy conſtancy? Remem-
'ber that Chriſt's glory lies at the ſtake:
'ſuffer thou without fear, and he will
'defend thee, he will tell thee what
'thou ſhalt anſwer; he can beat down
'all danger; bring thee out of Priſon,
'raiſe thee from the dead: conſider *Pe-*
'*ter* in a Dungeon, the Martyrs in the
'Fire; if thou mak'ſt a good Confeſſi-
'on, thou maieſt indeed go to priſon,
'or death, but an eternal reward in
'Heaven remains for thee. What haſt
'thou in this world comparable to Eter-
'nal life; to Everlaſting happineſs? If
'thou doſt otherwiſe, think of the

ſcan-

'ſcandal; (common people live by ex-
'ample, thinking whatever is done is
'well done) fear the loſs of peace and
'joy, fear hell, death and eternal wrath;
'or if the fleſh be ſo ſtrong, as to cauſe
'thee to doubt of the iſſue, fly thy
'Country, get thee away though never
'ſo far, rather than deny the Lord of
'Life.

Now was *Spira* in reaſonable quiet, being reſolved to yield to theſe weighty Reaſons. Yet holding it wiſdom to examine all things, he conſults alſo with fleſh and blood, thus the battle doth renew, and the fleſh begins in this manner; 'Be well adviſed, fond man, conſider
'Reaſons on both ſides, and then Judge:
'How canſt thou thus overween thine
'ſufficiency, as thou neither regardeſt
'the examples of thy Progenitors, nor
'the Judgement of the whole Church?
'Doſt thou not conſider what miſery this
'thy raſhneſs will bring thee unto?
'Thou ſhalt loſe all thy ſubſtance, got-
'ten with ſo great Care and Travel,
'thou ſhalt undergo the moſt exquiſite

tor-

'torments that Malice it ſelf can deviſe,
'thou ſhalt be counted an Heretick of
'all, and to cloſe up all, thou ſhalt die
'ſhamefully. What thinkeſt thou of
'the loathſome ſtinking dungeon, the
'bloody ax, the burning fagot? Are
'they delightful? Be wiſe at length,
'and keep thy life and honour; thou
'may'ſt live to do much good to good
'men, as God commands thee; thou
'mayeſt be an ornament to thy Coun-
'try, and put caſe the Countries loſs
'would be of ſmall eſteem with thee,
'wilt thou bring thy friends alſo into
'danger? thou haſt begotten children,
'wilt thou now cut their throats, and
'inhumanely butcher them, who may
'in time bring honour to their Country,
'glory to God, help and furtherance
'to his Church? Go to the *Legat*, weak
'man, freely confeſs thy fault, and help
'all theſe miſeries. Thus did the cares
of this World, and the deceitfulneſs of
Riches, choak the good Seed that was
formerly ſown: ſo as fearing, he faints,
and yields unto the allurements of this
preſent world; and being thus blinded

he

he goes to the Legate at *Venice*, and ſalutes him with this news.

Having for theſe divers years entertained an opinion concerning ſome Articles of Faith, contrary to the Orthodox and received Judgment of the Church, and uttered many things againſt the authority of the Church of Rome, *and the univerſal Biſhop, I humbly acknowledg my fault and error, and my folly in mis-leading others; I therefore yield my ſelf in all obedience to the Supream Biſhop, into the boſom of the Church of* Rome, *never to depart again from the Traditions and Decrees of the holy See; I am heartily ſorry for what is paſt, and I humbly beg pardon for ſo great an offence.*

The *Legat* perceiving *Spira* to faint, he purſues to the utmoſt; he cauſes a recitation of all his Errors to be drawn in Writing, together with the Confeſſion annexed to it. And commands *Spira* to ſubſcribe his name there, which accordingly he did; then the *Legate* commands him to return to his own Town, and there to declare this Confeſſion of his,

his, and to acknowledge the whole Doctrine of the Church of *Rome*, to be holy and true, and to abjure the Opinions of *Luther*, and other ſuch Teachers, as Falſe and Heretical; 'Man 'knows the beginning of ſin, but who 'bounds the Iſſues thereof? *Spira* having once loſt footing, goes down amain, he cannot ſtay, nor gain-ſay the *Legate*, but promiſeth to accompliſh his whole will and pleaſure: he ſoon addreſſeth himſelf for his Journey: and being onward in the way, bethinks himſelf of the large ſpoils he had brought away, from the conflict with the *Legate*; what glorious teſtimony he had given of his great Faith and Conſtancy in Chriſts Cauſe; and to be plain, how impiouſly he had denied Chriſt and his Goſpel at *Venice*; and what he promiſed to do further in hs own Country: and thus, partly with fear and partly with ſhame, being confounded, he thought he heard a voice ſpeaking unto him, in this manner:

'*Spira*, What do'ſt thou here? whi-

'ther

'ther goeſt thou? haſt thou, unhappy 'man, given thy hand-writing to the Le-'gate at *Venice*, yet ſee thou doſt not 'ſeal it in thy own Country. Doſt thou 'indeed think eternal Life ſo mean, as 'that thou preferreſt this preſent Life be-'fore it? doſt thou well in preferring wife 'and children before Chriſt? is the win-'dy applauſe of the people, better in-'deed than the glory of God? and the 'poſſeſſion of this Worlds good more 'dear to thee, than the ſalvation of thine 'own ſoul? is the ſmall uſe of a moment 'of time more deſirable, than eternal 'wrath is dreadful? Think with thy ſelf, 'what Chriſt endured for thy ſake, is it 'not equal thou ſhouldſt ſuffer ſomewhat 'for him? Remember man, that the 'ſufferings of this preſent life are not 'comparable to the glory that ſhall be re-'vealed. If thou ſuffereſt with him, 'thou ſhalt alſo reign with him: thou 'canſt not anſwer for what thou haſt al-'ready done; nevertheleſs the gate of 'Mercy is not quite ſhut. Take heed 'that thou heapeſt not ſin upon ſin, leſt 'thou repent when it will be too late.

Now

Now was *Spira* in a Wilderneſs of doubt, not knowing which way to turn him, nor what to do; yet being arrived in his own Country, and amongſt his friends, conſidering what he had done, and what he had further promiſed to do, and how the terrour of God on the one ſide, and the terrour of this World on the other ſide, did continually rock him; and therefore he deſired of them advice in this ſo doubtful a caſe: His friends, upon ſmall deliberation anſwered, that it was requiſite he ſhould take heed that he did not in any wiſe betray his wife and children, and all his friends into danger: ſeeing, that by ſo ſmall a matter as the reciting of a little Scedule, which might be done in leſs ſpace than half an hour, he might both free himſelf from preſent danger, and preſerve many that depend upon him; adding moreover that he could get no credit in relenting from that which he had already in the greateſt part performed before the *Legate* at *Venice*, and that in the perfect accompliſhing thereof, litttle or no diſcredit could ariſe, more than

than what by the former action already he had ſuſtained; on the other ſide, if he did not perform his promiſe made to the *Legate*, he could neither diſcharge himſelf of the ſhame which he had already incurred, nor avoid far more heavy and inſuportable injuries, than probably he ſhould have endured, if he had perſiſted obſtinately in his former Opinions.

This was the laſt blow of the battle; and *Spira* utterly overcome, goes to the Prætor, and proffers to perform his promiſe made to the *Legate*, who in the mean time had taken order to have all things ready, and had ſent the inſtrument of Abjuration ſigned by *Spira*, to the Prætor, by the hands of a certain Prieſt. All that night the miſerable man wears out with reſtleſs cares, without any minute of reſt; the next morning being come, he gets up, and being ready, he deſperately enters into the publick Congregation, where Maſs being finiſhed, in the preſence of Friends and Enemies, and of the whole Aſſembly, being by eſtimation near

two

two thouſand people, yea and of Heaven it ſelf, he recites that infamous Abjuration, word for word as it was written: it being done, he was fined at thirty pieces of gold, which he preſently paid; five whereof were given to the Prieſt that brought the Abjuration, the other twenty-five were imployed towards the making of a *Shrine* to put the *Euchariſt* in; then was he ſent home, reſtored to his Dignities, Goods, Wife, and Children: No ſooner was he departed, but he thought he heard a direful voice, ſaying to him 'Thou 'wicked wretch, thou haſt denied me, 'thou haſt renounced the covenant of 'thy obedience, thou haſt broken thy 'vow; hence Apoſtate, bear with thee 'the ſentence of thy eternal damnati-'on. He trembling and quaking in body and mind, fell down in a ſwound: relief was at hand for the body, but from that time forward he never found any peace or eaſe of mind, but continuing in unceſſant torments, he proteſted that he was captived under the revenging hand of the great God, that he

he heard continually that fearful ſentence of Chriſt that juſt Judge, that he knew he was utterly undone; that he could neither hope for Grace, nor Chriſt's Interceſſion with God the Father in his behalf: thus was his fault ever heavy on his heart, and ever his Judgment before his eyes.

Now began his Friends, ſome of them, to repent too late of their raſh counſel; others not looking ſo high as the Judgment of God, laid all the blame on his Melancholy conſtitution; that overſhadowing his Judgement, wrought in him a kind of madneſs: every one cenſured as his fancy led him, yet for remedy all agreed in this to uſe both the wholeſom help of Phyſicians, and the pious advice of the Divines; and therefore thought it meet to convey him to *Padua*, an Univerſity of note, where plenty of all manner of means was to be had: this they accordingly did; both with his Wife, Children, and whole family: others alſo of his friends accompanying him, and being arrived at the houſe

houſe of one *James Ardin*, in St. *Leonards* Pariſh, they ſent for three Phyſicians of moſt note, who upon due obſervations of the effects, and of other Symptoms of his diſeaſe, and ſome private conference one with another, amongſt themſelves returned their Verdict in this manner; *viz.* That they could not diſcern that his body was afflicted with any danger or diſtemper Originally from it ſelf by reaſon of the over-ruling of any humour; but that this Malady of his did ariſe from ſome grief or paſſion of his mind; which being over-burdened, did ſo oppreſs the ſpirits; as they wanting free paſſage, ſtirred up many ill humours, whereof the body of man is full; and theſe aſcending up into the Brain, troubled the fancy, ſhadowed the ſeat of the judgment, and ſo corrupted it. This was the ſtate of his Diſeaſe, and that outward part that was viſible to the eye of nature; this they endeavoured to reform by purgation, either to conſume, or at leaſt to divert the courſe of thoſe humours from the Brain; but all their skill effected no-

thing, which *Spira* noting, ſaid, ‘ Alas ‘ poor men ! how far wide are you ? do ‘ you think that this Diſeaſe is to be cu- ‘ red by potions? believe me , there ‘ muſt be another manner of Medicine; ‘ it is neither plaiſter nor drugs, that can ‘ help a fainting ſoul caſt down with the ‘ ſenſe of ſin , and wrath of God ; ’tis ‘ onely Chriſt that muſt be the Phyſi- ‘ cian , and the Goſpel the Souls Anti- ‘ dote.

The Phyſicians eaſily believed him , after they had underſtood the whole truth of the matter , and therefore they wiſhed him to ſeek ſome ſpiritual com- fort. By this time the fame of this man was ſpread over all *Padua* , and the neighbour Country ; partly for that he was a man of Eſteem ; partly becauſe as the diſeaſe , ſo the occaſion was eſpe- cially remarkable ; for this was not done in a corner ; ſo as daily there came mul- titudes of all ſorts to ſee him ; ſome out of curioſity , onely to ſee and diſcourſe; ſome out of a pious deſire to try all means that might reduce him to com- fort

ſort again: or at leaſt to benefit themſelves by ſuch a ſpectacle of Miſery, and of the Juſtice of God. Amongſt theſe *Paulus Vergerius*, Biſhop of *Juſtinopolis* and *Mattheus Gribauldus*, deſerve eſpecially to be named as the moſt principal labourers for this mans comfort. They find him now about fifty years of age, neither affected with the dotage of old age, nor with the unconſtant head-ſtrong paſſion of youth, but in the ſtrength of his Experience and Judgment; in a burning heat, calling exceſſiively for drink, yet his underſtanding active, quick of apprehenſion, witty in diſcourſe above his ordinary manner, and judiciouſly appoſite; his Friends laboured with him by all fair means to receive nouriſhment, which he obſtinately gain-ſaying, they forcibly infuſed ſome liquid ſuſtenance into his mouth, moſt of which he ſpit out again, exceedingly chafing, and in this fretting mood of his ſaid, 'As it is true that all things 'work for the beſt to thoſe that love 'God; ſo to the wicked all are contra-

'ry; for whereas a plentiful Off-ſpring 'is the Bleſſing of God, and his re- 'ward, being a ſtay to the weak eſtate 'of their aged parents, to me they are 'a cauſe of bitterneſs and vexation; 'they do ſtrive to make me tire out this 'miſery; I would fain be at an end; I 'deſerve not this dealing at their hands; 'Oh! that I were gone from hence; 'that ſome body would let out this 'weary Soul.

His Friends ſaluted him, and asked him, what he conceived to be the cauſe of his Diſeaſe; forthwith he brake out into a lamentable diſcourſe of the paſſages formerly related, and that with ſuch paſſionate Elocution, that he cauſed many to weep, and moſt to tremble. They contrarily, to comfort him, propounded many of God's Promiſes recorded in the Scripture, and many Examples of God's Mercy: 'My 'ſin (ſaid he) is greater than the 'Mercy of God. Nay anſwered they, The Mercy of God is above all ſin; God would have all men to be ſaved; 'It's 'true

'true (quoth he) he would have all 'that he hath elected to be ſaved; he 'would not have damned Reprobates 'to be ſaved: I am one of that num-'ber, I know it, for I willingly and 'againſt my knowledge denied Chriſt, 'and I feel that he hardens, and will 'not ſuffer me to hope.

After ſome ſilence, one asked him, whether he did not believe that Doctrine to be true, for which he was accuſed before the *Legate*? He anſwered 'I did believe it when I denied it; 'but now I neither believe that, nor 'the Doctrine of the *Roman* Church: 'I believe nothing, I have no faith, no 'truſt, no hope; I am a Reprobate 'like *Cain* or *Judas*, who caſting away 'all hope of mercy, fell into deſpair; 'and my friends do me great wrong, 'that they ſuffer me not to go to the 'place of Unbelievers, as I juſtly de-'ſerve.

Here they began ſharply to rebuke him; requiring, and charging him,

that in any wiſe he did not violate the Mercy of God, to which he anſwered, 'The Mercy of God is exceeding 'large, and extends to all the Elect, 'but not to me, or any like to me, 'who are ſealed up to wrath; I tell you 'I deſerve it, my own Conſcience con-'demns me, what needeth any other 'Judge? Chriſt came (ſay they) to take away ſin, *Rom.* 2. 15. and calling for a Book, they read unto him the Paſſion of Chriſt; and coming to his nailing to the Croſs, *Spira* ſaid, 'This 'indeed is comfortable to ſuch as are 'Elected, but as for me Wretch, they 'are nothing but grief and torment, 'becauſe I contemned them. Thus roaring for grief, and toſſing himſelf up and down upon the bed as he lay, he entreated them to read no more. As *Gribauldus* was coming to ſee him, *Vergerius* ſaid to *Spira*, Dear Sir, here is Doctor *Gribauldus*, a godly and faithful friend of yours, come to ſee you. He is welcome (ſaid he) but he ſhall find me ill: *Gribauldus* replied, Sir, This is but an illuſion of the Devil,

vil, who doth what he can to vex you; but turn you to God with your whole heart, and he is ready to ſhew you Mercy; the Lord you know is full of Mercy, it is he that hath ſaid, *that as often as a ſinner repents of his ſin, he will remember his ſin no more.* Conſider this in the Example of *Peter*, that was Chriſts Familliar, and an Apoſtle, and yet denied him thrice with an Oath, and yet God was merciful unto him: Conſider the Thief that ſpent his whole life in Wickedneſs, and for all that did not God graciouſly reſpect him in the laſt minute of his Life? Is the Lord's hand now ſhortned that it cannot ſave? To this *Spira* anſwered: If *Peter* grieved 'and repented, it was becauſe Chriſt 'beheld him with a merciful eye: and 'in that he was pardoned, it was not 'becauſe he wept, but becauſe God 'was gracious to him; but God reſpects 'not me, and therefore I am a Repro-'bate; I feel no comfort can enter in-'to my heart; there's place there onely 'for torments and vexings of ſpirit; I 'tell you my caſe is properly mine own,

'no man was ever in the like plight, and 'therefore my Eſtate is fearful. Then roaring out in the bitterneſs of his ſpirit, ſaid, *It's a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God*; the violence of his Paſſion and Action ſuitable, did amaze many of the Beholders; inſo much as ſome of them ſaid with a whiſpering voice, that he was poſſeſſed; he over-hearing it, ſaid, 'Do you doubt 'it? I have a whole legion of Devils 'that take up their dwelling within me, 'and poſſeſs me as their own; and juſtly 'too, for I have denied Chriſt. Whether did you that willingly or not? (ſaid they) 'That's nothing to the purpoſe '(ſaid *Spira*) Chriſt ſaith whoſoever 'denies me before men, him will I deny 'before my Father which is in Hea'ven; Chriſt will not be denied, no 'not in a word; and therefore it is 'enough, though in heart I never denied 'him.

They obſerving his diſtemper ariſe from the ſenſe and horror of the pains of Hell, asked him whether he thought there were worſe pains than what he endu-

endured for the preſent, he ſaid 'That 'he knew there were far worſe pains than 'thoſe that he then ſuffered, for the 'wicked ſhall riſe to their judgment, 'but they ſhall not ſtand in judgment, '(*Pſal.* 1.) this I tremble to think of, 'yet do I deſire nothing more than that 'I might come to that place where I 'may be ſure to feel the worſt, and to 'be freed from fear of worſe to come.

I, but you are to conſider (ſaid one) that thoſe Opinions for which you were accuſed before the *Legate*, were impious, and therefore you are not to think you denied Chriſt, but rather that you confeſſed him, acknowledging the infallible truth of the Catholick Church. 'Truly (ſaid he) when I did 'deny thoſe Opinions, I did think them 'to be true, and yet I did deny them.

Go to (ſaid others) now then believe that they are true. 'Now I can-'not (ſaid he) God will not ſuffer me 'to believe them, nor truſt in his Mer-'cy; What would you have me to do?

'I would fain attain to this power, but 'cannot, though I ſhould preſently be 'burnt for it. But why do you (ſaid the other) eſteem this ſo grievous a ſin, when as the learned *Legat* conſtrained you to it; which he ſurely would not have done, if your former Opinions had not been Erroneous? No, good *Francis*, the Devil beſets thee, let not therefore the grievouſneſs of thy ſin (if any ſuch be) amaze thee. 'You ſay 'right (replied he) the Devil hath 'poſſeſt me, and God hath left me to 'his power; for I find I can neither be-'lieve the Goſpel, not truſt in God's 'Mercy; I have ſinned againſt the Ho-'ly Ghoſt, and God by his immuta-'ble decree hath bound me over to per-'petual puniſhment without any hope 'of pardon. It's true that the great-'neſs of ſin, nor the multitude of them, 'bind not God's Mercy; all thoſe ſins 'that in the former part of my life I 'have committed then did not ſo much 'trouble me, for I truſted God would 'not lay them to my charge: Now hav-'ing ſin'd againſt the holy Ghoſt, God

'hath

'hath taken away from me all power of
'repentance, and brings all my ſins to
'remembrance; and guilty of one guil-
'ty of all. And therefore it is no mat-
'ter whether my ſins be great or ſmall,
'few or many; they be ſuch as Chriſts
'Blood nor God's Mercy belongs not to
'me: God will have Mercy on whom
'he will have Mercy; and whom he
'will he hardeneth; this is it that gnaws
'my heart, he hath hardned me; and
'I find that he daily more and more doth
'harden me, and therefore I am out of
'hope; I feel it, therefore cannot but
'deſpair: I tell you there was never ſuch
'a Monſter as I am, never was any
'Man alive a ſpectacle of exceeding
'miſery. I know that Juſtification is
'to be expected by Chriſt, and I deni-
'ed and abjured it, to the end I might
'keep this frail life from adverſity, and
'my children from poverty: and now
'behold how bitter this life is to me,
'and God onely knows what ſhall be-
'come of this my Family; but ſure no
'good is likely to betide it, but worſe
'and worſe, and ſuch a ruin at length,

'as

'as one ſtone ſhall not be left upon ano-
'ther. But why ſhould you (ſaid *Gribauldus*) conceit ſo deeply of your ſin, ſeeing you cannot but know, that many have denied Chriſt, yet never fell into Deſpair? 'Well (ſaid he) I can 'ſee no ground of comfort for ſuch, 'neither can I warrant them from God's 'revenging hand in wrath, though it 'pleaſeth God yet to ſuffer ſuch to be in 'peace; and beſides, there will a time 'of danger come, and then they ſhall 'be thorowly tried; and if it were not 'ſo, yet God is juſt in making me an 'example to others, and I cannot juſt-'ly complain; there is no puniſhment 'ſo great but I have deſerved it; for this 'ſo heinous offence. I aſſure you it is no 'ſmall matter to deny Chriſt, and yet 'it is more ordinary than commonly men 'do conceive of, it is not a denial 'made before a Magiſtrate as it is with 'me, for as oft as a Chriſtian doth diſ-'ſemble the known truth, as often as 'he approves of falſe worſhip by pre-'ſenting himſelf at it, ſo often as he 'doth not things worthy of his calling,

'or,

'or doth ſuch things as are unworthy of 'his calling, ſo often he denies Chriſt; 'thus did I, and therefore am juſtly 'puniſhed for it. Your Eſtate (quoth *Gribauldus*) is not ſo ſtrange as you make it: *Job* was ſo far gone, that he complained God had ſet him as a mark againſt him; and *David* that was a man after Gods own heart, complained often that God had forſaken him, and was become his enemy; yet both received comfort again. Comfort your ſelf therefore, God will come at length, though he ſeem far off.

'O Brother (anſwered *Spira*) I 'believe all this, the Devils believe 'and tremble; but *David* was ever E-'lected and dearly beloved of God; and 'though he fell, yet God took not ut-'terly away his holy Spirit, and there-'fore was heard when he prayed, *Lord take not thy Holy Spirit from me.* 'But I am in another 'caſe, being ever ac-'curſed from the preſence of God; nei-'ther can I pray as he did, becauſe his 'holy Spirit is quite gone, and cannot 'be

'be recalled, and therefore I know I 'ſhall live in continual hardneſs ſo 'long as I live: Oh! that I might feel 'but the leaſt ſenſe of the love of God 'to me, though but for one ſmall mo-'ment, as I now feel his heavy wrath that 'burns like torments of Hell within me, 'and afflicts my conſcience with pangs 'unutterable: verily Deſparation is Hell 'it ſelf.

Here *Gribauldus* ſaid, I do verily believe, *Spira*, that God having ſo ſeverely chaſtiſed you in this life, correcteth you in Mercy here, that he may ſpare you hereafter; and that he hath Mercy ſealed up for you in time to come.

'Nay (ſaid *Spira*) hence do I know 'that I am a Reprobate, becauſe he 'afflicteth me with hardneſs of heart: O 'that my body had ſuffered all my life 'long, ſo that he would be pleaſed to 'releaſe my ſoul, and eaſe my conſcience, this burdened conſcience.

Gribauldus being deſirous to eaſe his mind

mind from the continual meditation of his ſins; as alſo to ſound how for the preſent he ſtood affected to the Romiſh Church, asked him what he thought became of the ſouls of men ſo ſoon as they departed out of the body? to which he anſwered:

'Although this be not ſo fully revea-
'led in Scripture, yet I verily believe
'that the ſouls of the Elect go preſent-
'ly to the Kingdom of glory, and not
'that they ſleep with the body, as ſome
do imagine.

Very well, ſaid one of the Spectators, why do the Scriptures then ſay (1 Sam. 5. 9.) that God brings down to Hell, and raiſeth up, ſeeing it cannot be meant of the eſtate of the ſoul after death, which as thou ſayeſt either goeth to Heaven without change, or to Hell without Redemption, it muſt be underſtood of the Eſtate of the ſoul in this life, like that wherein thou art at this preſent: and oftentimes we ſee that God ſuffers men to fall into the jaws of Deſpair,

ſpair, and yet raiſeth them up again; and therefore deſpair not, but hope; it ſhall be even thus with thee in his good time.

'This is the work (quoth *Spira*) this 'is the labour; for I tell you, when 'I at *Venice* did firſt abjure my profeſſi- 'on, and ſo, as it were, drew an In- 'denture, the Spirit of God often admo- 'niſhed me; and when at *Cittadella* I 'did as it were ſet my ſeal, the Spirit of 'God often ſuggeſted to me, do not 'write, *Spira*, do not ſeal: yet reſiſted the 'holy Ghoſt and did both; and at that ve- 'ry preſent I did evidently feel a wound 'inflicted in my very Will: ſo although 'I can ſay, I would believe, yet can I not 'ſay, I will believe. God hath denied 'me the power of will, and it befalls me 'in this my miſerable Eſtate, as with 'one that is faſt in Irons, and his friends 'coming to ſee him, do pity his Eſtate, 'and do perſwade him to ſhake off his 'fetters, and to come out of his bonds, 'which God knows he would fain do, 'but cannot; this is my very caſe, you

'per-

'perſwade me to believe how fain would 'I do it, but cannot, O now I cannot. Then violently graſping his hands together, and raiſing himſelf up, 'Behold '(ſaid he) I am ſtrong, yet by little and 'little I decay and conſume, and my ſer-'vants would fain preſerve this weary 'life, but at length the will of God 'muſt be done, and I ſhall periſh mi-'ſerably, as I deſerve: Rejoyce ye righte-ous in the Lord, & bleſſed are you whoſe hearts the Lord hath mollified.

Then after ſome pauſe, 'It's won-'derful, I earneſtly deſire to pray to 'God with my heart, yet I cannot; I 'ſee my damnation, and I know my 'remedy is onely in Chriſt, yet I can-'not ſet my ſelf to take hold on it: ſuch 'are the puniſhments of the damned; 'they repent of their loſs of Heaven, 'they cannot mend their ways.

As he was thus ſpeaking, he obſer-ved divers Flies that came about him, and ſome lighted on him; 'Behold, (ſaid 'he,) now alſo *Belzeebub* comes to his 'Banquet; you ſhall ſhortly ſee my end; 'and

'and in me an example to many, of 'the Juſtice and Judgment of God.

About this time came in two Biſhops, with divers Scholars of the Univerſity, one of them being *Paulus Vergerius*, having obſerved *Spira* more than any other, being continually converſant with him, told him his Eſtate was ſuch as rather ſtood in need of Prayer than Advice, and therefore deſired him to pray with him in the Lords Prayer: *Spira* conſented, and he began,

[*Our Father which art in Heaven*] then breaking forth into tears, he ſtopped; but they ſaid, It is well, your grief is a good ſign. 'I bewail (ſaid 'he) my miſery, for I perceive I am 'forſaken of God, and cannot call to 'him from my heart, as I was wont to 'do: Yet let us go on ſaid *Vergerius*.

[*Thy Kingdom come*] 'O Lord (ſaid '*Spira*) bring me alſo into this King-'dom, I beſeech thee ſhut me not out. [*Give us this day our daily bread*] he added

added, 'O Lord I have enough, and 'abundance to feed this carkaſs of mine; 'but there is another bread I humbly 'beg, the bread of thy Grace; without which I know I am but a dead man.

'[*Lead us not into temptation*] 'ſeeing Lord that I am brought into tem-'ptation, help me Lord, that I may 'eſcape; the Enemy hath overcome; 'help me I beſeech thee, to overcome 'this Cruel Tyrant.

Theſe things he ſpake with a mournful voice, the tears trickling down abundantly; and expreſſing ſuch affections and paſſion, as turned the bowels of thoſe there preſent with grief and compunction: they then turning to *Spira* ſaid, You know that none can call *Chriſt Jeſus* the Lord, but by the Holy Ghoſt: you muſt therefore think of your ſelf, according to that ſoft affection, which you expreſs in your prayers; inferring thereby that God hath not wholly caſt you off, or bereaved you of his Spirit utterly. 'I

'I perceive, ſaid *Spira*, that I call 'on him to my eternal damnation, for I 'tell you again, it is a new and unheard 'of example, that you find in me. If *Judas* (ſaid they) had but out-lived his days, which by nature he might have done, he might have repented, and Chriſt would have received him to Mercy; and yet he ſinned moſt grievouſly againſt his Maſter, which did ſo eſteem of him, as to honour him with the dignity of an Apoſtle, and did maintain and feed him. He anſwered, Chriſt did alſo feed and honour me, neither yet is my fault one jot leſs than that of his, becauſe it is no more honour to be perſonally preſent with Chriſt in the fleſh, than to be in his preſence by illumination of his holy Spirit: and beſides I deny that ever *Judas* could have repented how long ſoever he had lived: for grace was quite taken from him, as it is now from me.

O *Spira*, ſaid they, You know you are in a ſpiritual deſertion, you muſt there-

therefore not believe what Satan ſuggeſts, he was ever a lier from the beginning, and a meer Impoſtor, and will caſt a thouſand lying fancies into your mind, to beguile you withal, you muſt rather believe thoſe whom you judge to be in a good eſtate, and more able to diſcern of you than your ſelf: believe us, and we tell you, That God will be merciful unto you.

'There is the knot (ſaid *Spira*) 'would I could believe, but I cannot.

Then he began to reckon up what fearful dreams and viſions he was continually troubled withal, that he ſaw the Devils come flocking into the Chamber, and about his Bed, terrifying him with ſtrange noiſes; that theſe were not fancies, but that he ſaw them as really as the ſtanders by: and that beſides theſe outward terrors, he felt continually a racking torture of his mind, and a continual butchery of his Conſcience, being the very proper pangs of the damned wights in Hell.

Caſt

Caſt away theſe fancies (ſaid *Gribaldus*) theſe are but illuſions: humble your ſelf in the preſence of God, and praiſe him. 'The dead praiſe not the 'Lord (anſwered he) nor they that go 'down into the pit. We that are drowned 'in Deſpair are dead, and already gone 'down into the Pit; what Hell can there 'be worſe than Deſperation, or what 'greater puniſhment? The Gnawing 'Worm, Unquenchable Fire, Hor-'ror, Confuſion, and (which is 'worſe than all) Deſperation it ſelf 'continually tortures me, and now I 'count my preſent eſtate worſe than 'if my Soul ſeparated from my Body 'were with *Judas*, and the reſt of the 'damned, and therefore, now deſire 'rather to be there, than thus to live 'in the body.

One being preſent, repeated certain words out of the Pſalms; 'If thy chil-'dren forſake my Law, and walk not 'in my Judgments; I will viſit their 'tranſgreſſions with rods, and their 'iniquity with ſtripes; nevertheleſs my 'loving

'loving kindneſs I will not utterly take 'from them, nor ſuffer my faithfulneſs 'to fail. Mark this, O *Spira*, My Covenant I will not break.

'Theſe Promiſes ſaid (*Spira*) be-'long only to the Elect, which if tem-'pted, may fall into ſin, but are a-'gain lifted up and recovered out; as 'the Prophet ſaith, Though he fall 'he ſhall not be utterly caſt down, for 'the Lord upholdeth him; therefore '*Peter* could riſe, for he was Elected; 'but the Reprobate when they fall, 'cannot riſe again, as appears in *Cain*, '*Saul*, and *Judas*, God deals one way 'with the Elect, and another with 'Reprobates.

The next day he prayed with them in the Latin Tongue, and that with excellent affection, as outwardly appeared. Bleſſed be God, ſaid *Vergerius*, theſe are no ſigns of eternal Reprobation; you muſt not, O *Spira*, ſeek out the ſecret Counſels of Gods Election and Reprobation; for no man can know,

ſo

ſo long as he lives, whether by his good or bad deeds, he be worthy of Gods love or anger: do you not know that the Prophet *David* complained, that God had caſt off his ſoul.

'I know all this, quoth *Spira*, I know 'the mercies of God are infinite, and 'do ſurpaſs the ſins of the whole 'world, and that they are effectual to 'all that believe; but this faith and this 'hope is the gift of God: O that he 'would give it me! But it is as impoſ-'ſible as to drink up the Sea at a draft: 'as for that of *Solomon*, if he had ever 'taſted that which I feel by woful expe-'rience, he would never have ſpoken 'as he did; but the truth is, never had 'mortal man ſuch an evident experience 'of Gods anger and hatred againſt him, 'as I have. You that are in good eſtate, 'think Repentance and Faith to be a 'work of great facility: and therefore 'you think it an eaſie matter to perſwade 'men to believe: the whole need not 'the Phyſician, and he that is well can 'ſoon give counſel to ſuch as are ill: 'but

'this is the Hell to me, my heart 'is hardned, I cannot believe, many 'are called, but few are choſen.

Upon what ground (ſaid they) do you conceive ſo ill an opinion of your ſelf?

'I once did know God to be my Fa-'ther, not only by Creation, but by 'Regeneration; I knew him by his 'beloved Son, the Author and Finiſher 'of our Salvation; I could pray to him, 'and hope for pardon of ſin from him; 'I had a taſte of his ſweetneſs, peace, 'and comfort; now contrarily, I know 'God not as a Father, but as an Ene-'my: What more? my heart hates 'God, and ſeeks to get above him, I 'have nothing elſe to fly to but Terror 'and Deſpair.

Belike you think then (ſaid they) that thoſe that have the earneſt and firſt fruits of God's Spirit, may notwithſtanding fall away.

'The Judgments of God are a deep 'Abyſs, ſaid he, we are ſoon drowned 'if we enter into them; he that think-'eth he ſtandeth, let him take heed 'leſt he fall; as for my ſelf, I know I 'am fallen back, and that I once did 'know the truth, though it may not 'be ſo throughly; I know not what to 'ſay, but that I am one of that num-'ber which God hath threatned to tear 'in pieces.

Say not ſo, anſwered they, for God may come, though at the laſt hour; keep hold therefore at the laſt by Hope.

'This quoth he, is my caſe; I tell 'you I cannot, God hath deprived me 'of Hope, this brings terror to my 'mind, and pines this body which 'now is ſo weak, as it cannot perform 'the ſeveral Offices thereof: for as the 'Elect have the Spirit teſtifying that 'they are the Sons of God, ſo the Re-'probates, even while they do live, 'do often feel a worm in their conſci-'ences, whereby they are condemned 'already

already: and therefore as I perceived 'this wound inflicted on my mind and 'will, I knew that I wanted the gifts of 'ſaving grace, and that I was utterly 'undone. God chaſtneth his Children 'with temporary afflictions, that they 'may come as Gold out of the fire; but 'puniſheth the wicked with blindneſs in 'their underſtandings, and hardneſs of 'heart; and wo be to ſuch from whom 'God takes his holy Spirit.

Here one rebuked him, and told him he gave too much credit to ſenſe; that he was not to believe himſelf, but rather him that was in a good eſtate, and I teſtifie to you (ſaid he) that God will be merciful to you.

'Nay anſwered he, for becauſe I am 'in this ill Eſtate, therefore can I be-'lieve nothing but what is contrary to 'my Salvation and Comfort; but you 'that are ſo ſoon confident of your good 'Eſtate, look that it be true, for it is no 'ſuch ſmall matter to be aſſured of ſin-'cerity; a man had need be exceeding

'ſtrongly grounded in the truth before 'he can be able to affirm ſuch a matter 'as ye now do; It's not the performance 'of a few formal duties, but a migh-'ty conſtant labour, with all intention 'of heart and affection, with full de-'ſire and endeavour continually to ſet 'forth God's glory; there muſt be nei-'ther fear of Legators, Inquiſitors, 'Priſons, nor any Death whatſoever; 'many think themſelves happy, that 'are not, it is not every one that ſaith 'Lord, Lord, that ſhall go to Hea-'ven.

They came another day, and found him with his eyes ſhut, as if he had been drouzie, and very loath to diſcourſe; at which time there came in alſo a grave man from *Cittadella*, who demanded of *Spira*, if he knew him or not? He lifting up his eye-lids, and not ſuddenly remembring him, the man ſaid to him, *I am Presbyter Antonie Fontamia*, I was with you at *Venice*, ſome eight weeks ſince; 'Oh curſed day ſaid '*Spira!* Oh curſed day! Oh that I had 'never gone thither! Would God I had 'bee died. After-

Afterwards came in a Prieſt, called *Bernardius Sardonius*, bringing with him a Book of Exorciſms to conjure this Devil; whom when *Spira* ſaw, ſhaking his head, he ſaid:

'I am verily perſwaded indeed that God 'hath left me to the power of the De-'vil: but ſuch they are, as are not be 'found in your Litany; neither will 'they be caſt out by ſpells The Prieſt proceeding in his intended purpoſes, with a ſtrange and uncouth geſture, and a loud voice, adjured the ſpirit to come into *Spira*'s tongue, and to anſwer: *Spira* deriding his fruitleſs labour, with a ſigh turned from him: A Biſhop being there preſent, ſaid to *Spira*, Brother, God hath put vertue into the Word and Sacraments, and we have uſed the one means, and find not that effect which we deſire; ſhall we try the efficacy of the Sacraments? Surely if you take it as a true Chriſtian ought to receive the Body and Blood of Chriſt, it will prove a ſoverai'gn medicine for your ſick ſoul.

'This I cannot do (answered he) 'for those that have no right to the Pro-'mises, have no right to the Seals. The 'Eucharist was appointed only for be-'lievers, if we have no faith, we eat 'and drink judgment to our selves. I 'receiv'd it about a month since, but I 'did not well in so doing; for I took it 'by constraint, and so I took it to my 'deeper Condemnation.

Here *Vergerius* began to importune him earnestly to beware that he did not wilfully resist Grace, and put himself out of Heaven; charging him vehemently, by all the love that was between them, by the love that he bare to his children, yea to his own soul, that he would set himself seriously to return to that Faith and Hope, which once he had in the death of Christ; with many such like words. *Spira* having heard much of the like matter formerly, and being somewhat moved, said, 'You 'do but repeat *Vergerius*, What should 'I hope? Why should I believe? God 'hath taken Faith from me; shew me then

'then whither I ſhall go, ſhew me a 'Heaven whereto I ſhall retire. You 'tell me of God's Mercy, when as 'God hath caſt me off; you tell me of 'Chriſts Interceſſion, I have denied 'him, you command me to believe, 'I ſay, I cannot; you bring me no 'comfort, your command is as impoſſi-'ble for me to obey, as to keep Moral 'Law: if you ſhould perſwade one to 'love God with all his heart, ſoul, and 'ſtrength, and God gives him not pow-'er; Can he perform your deſire? Doth 'not the Church teach us to ſing, Di-'rect us, O Lord, to keep thy Com-'mandments? Hypocrites ſay they love 'God with all their heart, but they lie; 'for my part I will not lie, but tell you 'plainly, ſuch is my caſe, that tho you 'ſhould never ſo much importune me 'to hope or believe, though I deſire it 'yet I cannot; for God as a puniſhment 'of my wickedneſs, hath taken away 'from me all his ſaving graces, Faith, 'Hope, and all: I am not the man 'therefore that you take me for: Be-'like you think I delight in this Eſtate;

'if I could conceive but the leaſt ſpark
'of hope of a better Eſtate hereafter,
'I would not refuſe to endure the moſt
'heavy weight of the wrath of that
'great God, yea for 20000 years, ſo
'that I might at length attain to the end
'of that miſery, which I now know will
'be eternal: But I tell you, my will is
'wounded; Who longs more to believe
'than I do? But all the ground-work of
'hope is gone, for if the Teſtimonies
'of the holy Scriptures be true (as they
'are certainly true) is not this as true,
'Whoſoever denies me before men, him
'ſaith Chriſt will I deny before my Fa-
'ther which is in Heaven? Is not this
'juſtly my caſe, as if it had been intend-
'ed againſt this very perſon of mine?
'And I pray you what ſhall become of
'ſuch as Chriſt denieth, ſeeing there is
'no other name under heaven whereby
'you look to be ſaved? What ſaith St.
'*Paul* to the *Hebrews*? It is impoſſible
'for thoſe who were once enlightned,
'and have taſted of the heavenly gift,
'and were partakers of the holy Ghoſt,
'if they fall away, to be renewed to
'repent-

'repentance: What can be more plain 'againſt me? Is not that Scripture alſo; 'if we ſin willfully after we have receiv-'ved the knowledge of truth, there re-'maineth no more ſacrifice for ſin, but 'a looking for of judgement: the Scri-'pture ſpeaks of me, St. *Paul* meets me, 'St. *Peter* tells me, it had been better 'I had never known the way of Righte-'teouſneſs, then after I have known it, 'to turn from the holy Commandment; 'it had been better I had not known, 'and yet then my condemnation had 'been moſt certain; do you not ſee evi-'dently, that I have wilfully denied 'the known truth? I may juſtly expect 'not only damnation, but worſe if 'worſe may be imagined; God will 'have me undergo the juſt puniſhment 'of my ſin, and make me an Example 'of his Wrath for your ſakes.

The Company preſent admired his diſcourſe, ſo grievouſly accuſing himſelf of his fore-paſt life, ſo gravely and wiſely dilating concerning the Judgements of God, that they then were con-

convinced, that it was not Frenzie or Madneſs that had poſſeſſed him; and being as it were in admiration of his Eſtate, *Spira* proceeded again in this manner. 'Take heed to your ſelves, 'it is no light or eaſie matter to be a 'Chriſtian; it is not Baptiſm, or read-'ing of the Scriptures, or boaſting of 'Faith in Chriſt, (though even theſe 'are good) that can prove one to be an 'abſolute Chriſtian: you know what I 'ſaid before, There muſt be a confor-'mity in Life, A Chriſtian muſt be 'ſtrong, unconquerable, not carry-'ing an obſcure profeſſion, but reſolve, 'expreſſing the Image of Chriſt, and 'holding out againſt all oppoſition to 'the laſt breath, he muſt give all dili-'gence, by Righteouſneſs and Holi-'neſs, to make his Calling and Electi-'on ſure. Many there are that ſnatch 'at the Promiſes in the Goſpel, as if 'they undoubtedly did belong to them, 'and yet they remain ſluggiſh, and care-'leſs; and being flattered by the things 'of this preſent world, they paſs in 'their courſe in quietneſs and ſecurity,

'as

'as if they were the onely happy men; 'whom nevertheleſs the Lord in his 'providence hath ordained to eternal 'wrath, as you may ſee in Saint *Lukes* 'Rich Man. Thus it was with me, 'therefore take ye heed.

Then came one of his Nephews, and offered him ſome ſuſtenance, which he diſdainfully refuſing, ſo moved the young mans Choler, that he charged him with hypocriſie and diſſimulation, or frenzy; to whom *Spira* gravely anſwering ſaid,

'You may interpret the matter as 'you will: but I am ſure, I am not 'onely the Actor, but the Argument 'and Matter of the Tragedy; I would 'it were frenzy either fained or true, 'for if it were frenzy I could put it off 'at pleaſure; If it were a real frenzy, 'yet there were ſome hope left of Gods 'mercy, whereas now there is none. 'For I know God has pronounced me 'an enemy and guilty of high treaſon 'againſt his Majeſty; I am a caſt-away,

'a

'a veſſel of his wrath: yet dare you call 'it diſſembling and frenzy? and can 'you mock at the formidable example 'of the heavy Wrath or God, that 'ſhould teach you fear and terror? But 'it is natural to the fleſh, either out of 'malice or ignorance, to ſpeak perverſly 'of the works of God. The natural 'man diſcerneth not the things that be 'of God becauſe they are ſpiritually 'diſcerned.

How can this be (ſaid *Gribauldus*) that you can thus excellently diſcourſe of the judgement of God, and of the graces of his holy Spirit? What you find the want of them, and earneſtly deſire them; and yet you think you are utterly deprived of them?

'Take this for certain (ſaid he) I 'want the main grace of all, and that 'which is abſolute neceſſary, and God 'doth many times extort moſt true and 'ſtrange teſtimonies of his Majeſty, 'Juſtice and Mercy; yea out of the 'mouths of very Reprobates: for even

'Ju-

'*Judas* after he had betrayed his Ma-
'ſter, was conſtrained to confeſs his ſin,
'and to juſtify the Innocency of Chriſt,
'therefore if I do the like, it is no new
'or ſtrange matter. God hath taken
'Faith from me, and left me other com-
'mon gifts, for my deeper condemna-
'tion: By how much the more I re-
'member what I had, and hear others
'diſcourſe of what they have, by ſo
'much the more is my torment, in that
'I know what I want, and how there
'is no way to be relieved.

Thus ſpake he, the tears all the while trickling down; profeſſing that his pangs were ſuch, as that the damned Wights in Hell endure not the like Miſery; that his eſtate was worſe than that of *Cain* or *Judas*, and therefore he deſired to die. *Yet behold* (*ſaid he*) *the Scriptures are accompliſhed in me, They ſhall deſire to die, and Death ſhall fly from them.* And verily he ſeem'd exceedingly to fear, leſt his life ſhould be drawn out yet longer; finding no eaſe or reſt, ever and anon, cried out, *O miſerable wretch,*

wretch, *O miſerable wretch*, then turning to the Company, he beſought them in this manner:

'O Brethren! take a diligent heed 'to your life; make more account of 'the gifts of Gods Spirit than I have 'done; learn to beware of my miſery; 'think not you are aſſured Chriſtians, 'becauſe you underſtand ſomething of 'the Goſpel; take heed you grow not 'ſecure on that ground; be conſtant and 'immoveable in the maintenance of your 'profeſſion: Confeſs even until death, 'if you be called thereto; he that loveth 'Father and Mother, Brothers, Siſters, 'Sons, Daughters, Kindreds, Houſes, 'Lands, more than Chriſt, is not wor-'thy of him.

Theſe words (ſaid they) do not ſound like the words of a wicked Reprobate.

'I do but here imitate (ſaith *Spira*) 'the rich glutton in the Goſpel, who 'tho in Hell, was careful that his bre-

'thren

'thren ſhould not come to that place of 'torment: And I ſay to you brethren, 'Take heed of this miſerable eſtate 'wherein I am.

Then turning himſelf to certain young men that were preſent, he deſired them to conceive him aright. 'I 'do not ſpeak this to derogate from the 'certainty of ſaving Faith, and the 'Promiſes of the Goſpel, for they are 'moſt ſure; but take heed of relying 'on that Faith that works not a holy 'and unblameable life, worthy of a be'liever; credit me, it will fail, I have 'tried it, I preſumed I had gotten the 'right Faith; I preached it to others, 'I had all places of Scripture in memory 'that might ſupport it, I thought my 'ſelf ſure, and in the mean time living 'impiouſly and carelеſly, behold now 'the judgement of God hath overtaken 'me not to correction, but to condem'nation: And now you would have me 'to believe, but it will not be; for I 'feel too late that good things belong 'only to ſuch as are good, whoſe ſins 'are

'are covered with Chriſt's death and 'blood, as with a veil, and guarded 'with his righteous merits from the flood 'of Gods wrath, even as with a mighty 'wall, leſt miſerable mortals ſhould be 'ſwallowed up with the greatneſs of 'their ſin: but as for me, I have, as it 'were wilfully with my hands, pulled, 'down this Rampire, behind which I 'might have reſted in ſafety; and now 'are the ſwelling Waters come even to 'my ſoul; and I am caſt away.

One of his familiar Friends chanced to ſay, That certainly he was overcome with melancholy; which being over-heard, *Spira* anſwered.

'Well, be it ſo, ſeeing you will 'needs have it ſo; thus alſo is Gods 'wrath manifeſted againſt me, in that 'he hath taken from me the uſe of mine 'Underſtanding and Reaſon, ſo as I can 'neither rightly eſteem and judge of my 'Diſtemper, nor hope of Remedy. 'You ſee Brethren what a dangerous 'thing it is to ſtop or ſtay in things that 'con-

'concern Gods glory, eſpecially to 'diſſemble upon any terms: What a 'fearful thing is it to be near and almoſt 'a Chriſtian? Never was the like ex-'ample to this of mine, and there-'fore if you be wiſe, you will ſeriouſ-'ly conſider thereof: O that God 'would let looſe his hand from me, that 'it were with me now as in times paſt; 'I would ſcorn all threats of the moſt 'cruel Tyrants, bear torments with in-'vincible reſolution, and glory in the 'outward profeſſion of Chriſt, till I 'were choaked in the flame and my 'body conſumed to aſhes.

You ſay, you are deſperate, O *Spira!* (ſaid they) why then do you not ſtrive with ſome weapon or other, violently to make an end of your life, as deſperate men uſe to do? 'Let me 'have a ſword (ſaid *Spira*) Why what 'would you do with it (quoth they?) 'I cannot tell you (ſaid he) what this 'mind would move me to, upon occaſi-'on, nor what I would do.

They

They perceiving ſmall effect of all this their labour, but rather that he grew worſe; for the avoiding of concourſe of people, for every day ſeldome fewer than twenty continued with him, and to ſtop the courſe of fame which was continually blown abroad of him, they conſult to carry him back again into his own Country; and thoſe his friends that came to comfort him, began to take their leaves of him; *Vergerius* among the reſt, required that at their parting they might pray together with him, *Spira* hardly conſented, and as unwillingly performed, for he ſaid, 'My heart is eſtranged from God, I 'cannot call him Father from my heart; 'all good motions are now quite gone, 'my heart is full of malediction, hatred, 'and blaſphemy againſt God: I find I 'grow more and more hardned in heart, 'and cannot ſtop nor help my ſelf? 'your prayers for me ſhall turn to 'your own profit, they cannot do 'me good.

Verge-

Vergerius came to take his leave of him, whom *Spira* embracing ſaid, 'Although I know that nothing can bring 'any benefit to me a Reprobate; but 'that every thing ſhall tend to my deeper condemnation; yet I give you moſt 'hearty thanks for your kind office of 'the love and good will; and the Lord 'return it unto you with a plentiful increaſe of all good.

The next day being brought down to his intended journey, by the way looking round about him with a ghaſtly look, he ſaw a knife lying on a table, to which he running haſtily ſnatched hold of it, as intending to miſchief himſelf; but his friends laying hold of him, ſtop'd him in his purpoſe: whereupon with indignation he ſaid, *I would I were above God, for I know he will have no Mercy on me.*

Thus went he homewards, often ſaying, that he envied the condition of *Cain* and *Judas*: He lay about eight weeks in this caſe, in a continual burning,

ing, neither deſiring, nor receiving any thing but by force, and that without digeſtion, ſo ſpent that he appeared a perfect Anatomy, expreſſing to the view nothing but ſinews and bones: vehemently raging for drink, ever pining, yet fearful to live long; dreadful of Hell, yet coveting death; in a continual torment, yet his own Tormentor. And thus conſuming himſelf with grief and horror, impatience and deſpair, like a living man in Hell, he repreſented an extraordinary example of the juſtice and power of God. And thus (as far as appeareth) within a few days after his arrival at his own home, he departed this preſent life. Yet an occaſion to make us remember, *That ſecret things belong unto the Lord our God*, but charity to man, to teach him to hope all things.

A

A further Account of Gods ſe-vere Judgments on ſeveral o-ther Apoſtates.

IN the whole *Book of God*, there is not a more grievous or terrible Threatning pronounc'd on any Sin, than againſt *Apoſtacy*; that is, a *Wil-ful falling away* from the Truths of the Goſpel manifeſted unto us, or when perſons for fear of Men, temptations of Gain or Preferment, compliance with the Faſhions of a vain wicked World, or any other Carnal Motive, make ſhip-wrack of a good Conſcience, and for-ſake that true Faith which they once pro-feſs'd, and trample under foot thoſe bleſſed and pure Inſtitutions of Chriſt, which they have been partakers of. Who can read without trembling, or conſider without horror, thoſe repeated poſitive and aſtoniſhing Determinations of God himſelf; by the unerring pen of his In-ſpired Apoſtle: *It is impoſſible for thoſe who were once Enlightned and have taſted of the Heavenly Gift, and were made Partakers of the Holy Ghoſt; and have taſted*

taſted the good Word of God, and the Powers of the World to come; if they ſhall fall away, to renew them again unto Repentance, ſeeing they crucify to themſelves the Son of God afreſh, and put him to an open ſhame: Heb. 6. 4, 5, 6. and again chap. 10. verſ. 26, and 27. *If we ſin willfully after that we have received the Knowledge of the Truth, there remaineth no more Sacrifice for ſin; but a fearful looking for of Judgement and fiery Indignation, which ſhall devour the Adverſaries.*

But beſides the dreadful Sentence ſuch Backſliders are to expect from the *Great Tribunal*, Divine Vengeance is often pleaſed to inflict ſignal Judgments on them, even *here on Earth*: For as generally they abandon the Ordinances of God, and turn out of the Ways of Eternal Life, meerly for lucre of ſome *Temporal Advantages*, ſo 'tis but juſt that Providence ſhould defeat their *Hopes*, and render them miſerable in *thoſe things* which they ſo wickedly purſue and over-prize, as well as deprive them of thoſe *Eternal Joys* which they voluntarily undervalue.

Of

Of this ſort to the fore-going *Hiſtory of Spira*, we ſhall here add diverſe other remarkable Examples; and to ſhew that Heaven is no *Reſpecter of Perſons*, ſhall begin with ſome Inſtances of *Crowned Heads*, which having turn'd their backs upon the *Goſpel*, ſoon felt the Avenging Hand of Divine Juſtice, to whoſe Impartial ſtroke the greateſt Princes (tho ſometimes called *Gods*) and too often ador'd and flatter'd as *ſuch*) are but *animated dirt*, and lighter than *vanity*.

1. The Emperor *Julian* for his Revolt from Chriſtianity, infamouſly famous to all Generations by the name of *Apoſtate*; was bred up in the Chriſtian Faith, and for his Learning admitted to be a *Reader* in the Church of *Nicomedia*; afterwards being ſeduced by certain Pagan Sophiſters turn'd *Heathen*, and by various ſubtle Arts endeavour'd to root out the Chriſtian Religion, but never after he had declared himſelf ſuch a Renegado, proſper'd in any of his Undertakings: And at laſt in an unfortunate Expedition againſt the *Perſians*, being ſhot with an Arrow by an unknown

known Soldier, received his own blood guſhing out of the Wound into the palm of his Hand; and in a deſpairing malice againſt Chriſt flung it up towards Heaven, ſaying, *Viciſti tandem Galileæ! At laſt thou haſt been too hard for me, O Galilæan!* (ſo the Wicked Wretch was wont in ſcorn to call the Bleſſed Jeſus) and thus died in all reſpects moſt miſerably.

2. To deſcend to later Times, *Henry* of *Bullen*, King of *Navarr*, (Father of *Henry* the Fourth) Educated in the Reformed Religion; being inveigled with the imaginary hopes of the *Crown* of *Sardinia*, and the Provinces of the *Spaniard*; left the Proteſtants both in Profeſſion and Perſon, and became a *Perſecutor* of thoſe whoſe *Protector* he was: but whilſt he caſt his ambitious hopes upon *Spain*, he was deprived of his own *Crown*; and God in Juſtice (who never leaves any, that *firſt* leaves not him) gave him over to an *Immature* and *Violent* Death; for a Bullet took him off within his own Trenches, beſieging the poor *Proteſtants* in *Roan*.

3. *Henry*

3. *Henry* the 14*th.* (his Son) how many pitched Battels did he fight, and ſtill came off both with ſafety and Victory? How many dangers did he ſcape, even to admiration, whilſt he kept firm to the Proteſtant Religion, in which he was bred, and continued at diſtance with the Pope? But when for *Politick* and worldly reſpects, he taſted the ſame *ſower Grapes* which ſet his Fathers Teeth *on edge*, and for fear of not getting firm poſſeſſion of *Paris*, would rather hazard *Paradiſe*, and againſt the Dictates of his Conſcience, to facilitate and eſtabliſh (as he thought) his Seat in the Throne of *France*, baſely comply'd, and in Hypocriſie ſuffered himſelf to be formally reconciled to the Church of *Rome*, did not long ſurvive this High Treaſon againſt the *King of Kings*: For firſt a young Jeſuit with a Dagger ſtruck him into *the Mouth*, (a fair warning on thoſe *Lips* which had renounc'd the Truths of his Redeemer) and ſtill perſiſting without Repentance, ſoon after a Popiſh *Ravilliac*

ſtabb'd him to the Heart in his Coach, as he was paſſing over the new *Bridge* at *Paris*.

4. The late famous *French* General, Marſhal *Turenne*, had lived threeſcore years and upwards in the Reformed Communion, but at laſt, by I know not what *Court Poiſon*, or Jeſuits *Charm*, (contrary to the Reſolution of Holy *Polycarpus*, who being tempted to Apoſtacy, anſwered, *Theſe eighty years have I ſerved Chriſt, and never wanted any thing, and I will never now forſake ſo good and indulgent a Maſter*) was drawn away to embrace *Popery*; when, behold! ſoon after, he that had eſcap'd the Shock of ſo many Battels, was ſuddenly ſlain where he could not rationally ſuſpect any great danger, by a Canon-Bullet, as he was viewing at great diſtance the poſture of the Enemies Camp, in the late War with *Germany*——I remember once I heard a *Papiſt* upbraid a Proteſtant with this Gentleman's change of Religion, ſaying——*You ſee* Turenne *when he grew* O L D, *was willing*

willing to D I E *in the Arms of our* Mother-Church: To which the Proteſtant very well reply'd—*Yes, Sir, 'twas when he was old; and 'tis nothing ſtrange to hear that ſome men in their declining years begin to dote; for faithful young* Solomon *prov'd an old Idolater.*

5. *Melanctthon* (that Phœnix of *Germany*) has a Relation of Apoſtacy viſibly puniſht in a certain Taylors Servant, whom he knew about the year 1553, who being for a while a zealous Profeſſor of the Proteſtant Religion, afterwards removing to another place, was perſwaded by ſome of his Companions to turn *Papiſt* again, and did with them go to *Maſs*, and receive the Sacrament but in *one kind*; but at laſt returning again to his old Maſter, (who was ignorant of the Fellows Relapſe, but ſeeing him neglect to participate of the Lords Supper) he began to admoniſh him of his Duty therein; to all which he anſwered not a word for a long time; but in the end roaring out moſt horribly, he pronounced theſe words, or to this Effect.

O Maſter! I am unworthy of that Holy Banquet, I have denied the Goſpel, and am become the Devils perpetual Vaſſal: And whilſt the words were yet in his Mouth, ſuddenly flung himſelf headlong out of the Window, and with the force of the fall all his Bowels guſhed out.

6. One *Latomus* that belong'd to the Cruel Court of the *Inquiſition*, had in his Youth imbib'd ſome Principles of true Religion, but the vanities of the World ſoon choak'd that good Seed, and being preferred to a gainful place in the *Popes Shambles* (for ſo I may juſtly call the bloody Inquiſition) thought he ſhould not deſerve it, unleſs he became a moſt grievous Perſecutor of thoſe whom his Conſcience told him were the Faithful Servants of God. As the Proverb aſſures us, That *one* Renegado *is worſe than ten* Turks: So Experience ſhews, that when any that have formerly own'd Religion, revolt from it, they of all others become the fierceſt and moſt barbarous Perſecutors of it, fearing, belike,

belike, that they ſhall ſtill be ſuſpected to be of the depreſſed Party, if they do not put off all Humanity towards them, and to avoid the Cenſure of *Hereticks* or *Phanaticks*, think there is a neceſſity to ſhew themſelves profane Hell-hounds, Savage Canibals, or Incarnate Devils. This was this *Latomus*'s Courſe, no body ſo buſie as he to find out, hunt after, ſuppreſs, deſtroy, and torment all that would not Conform to the falſe Doctrines, and vile Superſtitions in the Church of *Rome*, by Law Eſtabliſhed. But in the midſt of his *Carier* God met with him, and ſuddenly ſtruk him both inwardly and outwardly with terrors of Soul, and Bodily Diſeaſes, and then his Eyes were opened, but not to Repentance, but to Deſpair; Aſtoniſhment ſeiz'd him, and he was over-whelmed with Confuſion and Horror, ſo that he ſent for ſeveral Learned Men, and being in the extremity of Deſparation, freely of his own accord confeſs'd his Impiety, in ſuch Expreſſions as theſe:

'O how heavy, how grievous is my 'Sin; who wittingly and willingly 'againſt my own Knowledge, againſt 'the Dictates of my Conſcience, have 'imploy'd my ſelf in the Devils 'Drudgery, and Perſecuted Chriſt in 'his Members, and oppoſed the Truths 'of the Goſpel, and ſtopt the Wor-'ſhip of God, and as much as in me 'lay endeavoured with *Lucifer* to 'pull God out of his Throne, and to 'make void his Law, and preferr'd 'the Luſts and Pleaſures, the Malice, 'and Revenge of vile and wicked men, 'before the Glory of God, the Cha-'rity which I owed to my Neighbours, 'and the Reverence which I ought to 'have paid to the Divine Commands? 'Alas! thus have I ſinned againſt the 'Holy Ghoſt; nor can I hope for a-'ny forgiveneſs in this Life, or to E-'ternity, but am Damn'd for ever 'with the Devil and his Angels, whoſe 'I am, and whom I have ſerved, and 'am Incorporated into his Kingdom. 'Henceforwards behold not *Latomus* 'as a Man, but as a very Devil; and

'if

'if your Eyes were opened, you 'would behold my Hands and Feet al- 'ready deformed and horrible with 'filthy Claws, *&c.* The Learned Men that came to viſit him, were aſtoniſh'd at theſe Diſcourſes, eſpecially perceiving that the ſame did not proceed from an ordinary Melancholly, or Diſtemperature of Brain, (for in all other things he was ſufficiently Senſible and Rational) but from a ſenſe of the Wrath of God, and Horror of Conſcience. However one of them, a Doctor of Divinity, and his Intimate Friend, began with a long and very Chriſtian Diſcourſe to comfort him, endeavouring to demonſtrate to him from Gods Word, That there was no Sin ſo grievous but by the Grace and Mercy of God might be pardoned: To which *Latomus* readily anſwered, That he was not ignorant, that there were many places in Holy Writ, moſt Excellent and exceeding full of Comfort, but ſtill they were nothing to him, for he wanted Faith and Reliance upon God,

and knew already for a certain that the Sentence of Damnation was gone forth againſt him: 'And (ſaid he) 'that you may not doubt thereof, you 'ſhall ſee that on this Bed whereon I 'lye, I ſhall without ever being able 'to riſe from it, ſuddenly dye; but 'take me for an Example, and let me 'be a warning to all; for, for this 'cauſe I ſent for you hither, that be-'ing by me admoniſhed, you may Re-'pent, and give over perſecuting of 'the Faithful Servants of God. This and much more to the ſame purpoſe having ſaid, he fell into horrible roarings and howlings, and ſo in the preſence of them all expired; his Countenance and whole Body being turn'd to ſo great a deformity and uglineſs, as was frightful to behold. This was Recorded in this very manner, by the Learned *Fimelius*, *l.* 3. *De Miraculis*, who atteſts it for a certain and notorious Truth.

The

The Remarkable Hiſtory of John Diazius, *and his barbarous Brother.*

7. *John Diazius* was born in *Spain*, brought up at School, afterwards he went to *Paris* to ſtudy the Arts, where he continued 13 years: But it pleaſed God, that whilſt he read over the Holy Scriptures, and ſome of *Luthers* Books, and other Proteſtant Divines, he began to ſee and abominate the Errors of Popery. And therefore to further himſelf in the knowledge and ſtudy of the Truth, he went to *Geneva*, and thence to *Stratsburgh*, where *Martin Bucer* obſerving his Learning, Piety, and Diligence, obtained of the Senate, that he ſhould be joined with him, to go to the Diſputation at *Ratisbone*, and when he came thither, he went to *Peter Malvinda* a *Spaniard*, the Popes Agent in *Germany*, who when he knew that he came in the Company with *Bucer*, and the other Proteſtant Divines, he was much aſtoniſhed, and admired how he was ſo much changed

from that which he knew him to be at *Paris*; and withal, he fretted exceedingly that they had gotten a *Spaniard* amongſt them, preſuming that they would Triumph more in him than in many *Germans*; whereupon he left no means uneſſay'd, to draw him back again to the Church of *Rome*; ſometimes making large Proffers and Promiſes unto him, other times threatning ſevere puniſhments, and mixing both with earneſt Intreaties. But when by no means he could prevail to divert him from the Truth, he ſent for his Brother, *Alphonſus Diazius*, one of the Pope's Lawyers, from *Rome*; who hearing that his Brother was turn'd Proteſtant, came ſpeedily into *Germany*, bringing a notorious *Banditti*, or Cutthroat with him, reſolving either to reclaim or deſtroy him: When he came to *Ratisbone*, *Diazius* was departed to *Newburgh*, about Printing of a Book of *Bucer*'s; which *Alphonſus* hearing of, followed him thither; where after long debating of matters of Religion between the two Brothers,

Alphonſus

Alphonsus seeing the Heart of his Brother *John* to be so constantly planted on the sure Rock of Gods Truth, that neither Preferments would allure him, nor Threats terrifie him, both having been used by the Popes Agent; and that he himself by no perswasion could prevail with him to return to Popery, he feigned himself friendly to take his leave of him, and so departed: But shortly after he returned again with this Russian, whom *Alphonsus* sending disguis'd with a Letter to his Brother, as *John Diazius* was reading the Letter, this Bloody Murtherer cleft his Head with an Hatchet he had prepared for that purpose: This happen'd *Anno Christi* 1546, and this inhumane *Cain* was highly commended by the Papists for it. But the Lord would not suffer such an unnatural Villany to go unpunish'd, for not long after he was so dogg'd and haunted with the Furies of his own Conscience, that being at *Trent*, when the Council was held there, he hang'd himself about the Neck of his own *Mule*.

8. There

8. There was one *Burton* the Bayliff of *Crowland* in *Lincolnſheir*, who in King *Edward* the Sixths time, was a ſeemingly zealous Proteſtant; But as ſoon as ever Queen *Mary* came to the Crown, he ſoon turned Papiſt, and endeavoured to ſtir up his Neighbours to introduce the Maſs; who not being very forward in it, the Lords-day following this *Burton* went to the Church, and when the Curate was beginning to read the *Engliſh* Service, *Burton* went to him, ſaying--*Sirrah, will you not ſay Maſs? Buckle your ſelf to it, you Knave, or by* GODS BLOOD *I will ſheath my Dagger in thy Shoulders.* The poor Curate being affrighted herewith, betook himſelf to read the Maſs; but ſhortly after, as this *Burton* with one of his Neighbours rode together upon the *Fen-Bank*, a *Crow* (as it appeared to be, and with her uſual Note) flew over his Head, and voiding her Excrements, it fell on his Noſe, and ran down upon his Beard, and *ſtank* ſo horribly, as ſet him a vomitting in a moſt violent manner,

manner; whereupon, haſting home, he betook himſelf to his Bed, but could eat nothing; and the *Stench* and Vomitting ſtill continuing, with fearful Oaths and Execrations he lay Curſing the Crow for thus poyſoning of him, and ſo remained in extream and continual Torments for two or three days, and then roving, and without any ſigns of Repentance, or fear of God, dyed.

9. One *Pavier*, the Town-Clerk of *London*, in the Days of King *Henry* the 8th, a cruel Enemy to the true Profeſſors of the Goſpel, ſwore an Oath, That if he thought the King would ſet forth the Scriptures in *Engliſh*, rather than he would live to ſee it, he would Cut his own Throat; but he broke his word, for he did not Cut his Throat, but ſoon after (thinking, belike, a *Dogs* Death more fit for him than a *Calfs*) hang'd himſelf.

10. One *Rockwood* (of which Family there are many Papiſts to this day in *Suffolk*, and one of them was Executed for the Gun-powder-Treaſon) was

was a great ſtirrer up of the Perſecution againſt Gods People in *Calais*, (before Queen *Mary*, to the everlaſting Infamy and Diſſervice of the *Engliſh* Nation, ſuffered that important Town to be loſt to the *French*) but being ſuddenly ſtruck with Sickneſs, he lay ſtaring and raging, and perpetually crying out—*All too late, all too late, for I have maliciouſly ſought the Death of many Godly Perſons, and that againſt the light of my own Conſcience, and therefore, All too late, all too late*: and thus he continued unto his End.

11. *Thomas Blair*, a Privy-Counſeller to the King of *Scots*, was a great Perſecutor of the Reformed Chriſtians in that Kingdom; but being by God ſmitten with Sickneſs, he fell into Deſpair, Crying out, That *he was Damn'd, and a Caſtaway*, *That he was Damn'd without Remedy*, &c. And when the Monks came to his Bed-ſide, and pretended to Comfort him, he ſaid be gone with your Trumpery and Fooleries: *I never till now believed that there was either God or Devil, Heaven or Hell; I had*

I had no more eſteem of your Religion than I had of the Doctrine of the Proteſtants; In what I did I acted only as a Politician, to get Preferment and Money, and to that purpoſe I engaged on the Biſhops behalf, as thinking them the ſtrongeſt ſide, and that would beſt gratifie my hopes, and ſo I prevail'd with the King to caſt out their Adverſaries. All your Maſſes and your Faſtings can do me no good, for I am Damn'd, and the Dee'l hath me already in his Gripes to carry me to Hell, there to Torment me to Eternity, according to my Deſerts: In which miſerable Condition he dyed without any Sign of true Repentance.

12. One *Lardin* who ſeemed to have had ſome taſte of the Goſpel in his young years, ſeeing the Storms of Perſecution begin to ariſe, not only forſook the Truth, but for gain turn'd an Informer againſt, and Perſecutor of thoſe that conſtantly profeſſed it, and particularly he diſcovered and apprehended one *Eagles*, who for Religion thereupon ſuffered Death. But ſoon after he himſelf, for a ſmall Crime,

was

was Arraigned, Condemned, and Hang'd. And as he ſtood at Bar to receive Sentence of Death, he ſaid publickly---*This is juſtly faln upon me for betraying the Blood of that Juſt and Holy Man*, George Eagles, *who through my means was Condemned, and I ſold his Life for a litile Money.*

13. That exemplary Judgment of God poured out upon *Stephen Gardiner*, Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, in *Queen Maries* days, all Generations will have cauſe to remember, and admire. This cruel Biſhop upon the day wherein Reverend *Latimer*, and Learned *Ridley* were to be burnt at *Oxford*, was ſo eager upon their Deaths, that altho' ſome Great Noble-men came to Dine with him that day, yet he would not ſit down to Dinner, till one of his Servants whom he had ſent thither on purpoſe, coming Poſt from *Oxford*, about 4 of the Clock in the Afternoon, brought word that Execution was done upon them. Then did he haſte to Dinner, and was very merry, but e're he had eaten many Bits, a ſudden

ſtroak

ſtroak of Gods Hand fell ſore upon him, ſo that he was carried immediately to his Bed, in which he continued for 15 days in intollerable Anguiſh and Torments, Rotting above ground, during all which time he could void nothing that he received, either by Stool or Urine; his Tongue alſo hung out of his Mouth Swoln and Black, and ſo he languiſh'd and pined away in great Anguiſh and Miſery.

For a Concluſion, as I would not break any *bruiſed Reed*, nor be altogether a *Boanerges*, thundering and Lightening out of Judgments, but alſo a *Barnabas*, *a Son of Conſolation*, and pour Balm of *Gilead* into thoſe *wounded Spirits*, who out of humane frailty, and Satans ſuggeſtions, and the Worlds temptations, may too far comply againſt the Dictates of their own Conſciences, and for the ſame, may happen to be ſmitten with the Terrors of the Lord. I ſhall here add one Emiment Example of a *great Light* of the Church that fell in that kind, and was brought to the very brink of *Deſ-*

pair,

ſpair, and yet by Gods Grace Repented, and was happily reſtored. But let not the Reader think a ſlight or ſuperficial Repentance would ſerve the turn; you ſhall ſoon perceive by the vehemence of his Expreſſions, proceeding from a Heart all over in Confuſion and Agonies, what Soul-Convulſions he had endured, before he could receive any glimpſe of Comfort.

The Caſe is that of *Origen*, a Perſon for Learning, Zeal, and other Gifts, as famous as any in the *Primitive* Church, after the Apoſtles Days. In the Reign of *Decius*, for the Doctrine of Chriſt, he underwent Bonds and Torments in his Body, wracking, with Bars of Irons, Dungeons; beſides ſeveral threats of Death and Burning, *&c.* At length, hearing that ſome Chriſtians were carried to an Idol-Temple to force them to Sacrifice, he out of his Zeal ran thither to encourage and diſſwade them from it: When his Adverſaries ſaw him, they let go the other, and laid hold upon him, putting him to his Choice, whether

whether he would offer Incenſe to the Idol, or have his Body defiled with a foul and ugly Blackamoor. He chooſes to offer Incenſe. Then did they preſently put Incenſe into his trembling Hands, and whilſt he demurr'd upon it, they took his Hands and cauſed him to throw it into the Fire, and thereupon preſently cryed out, Origen *hath Sacrificed*, Origen *hath Sacrificed.* After this Fact he was Excommunicated by the Church, and being filled with Shame and Sorrow, he left *Alexandria*, and came to *Jeruſalem*, where he was even conſtrained by Importunity to Preach to them. He took his Bible, opened it, and the firſt place he caſt his Eye upon, was this Scripture, *Unto the Wicked, ſaith God, why doſt thou preach my Law, and take my Covenant into thy Mouth? Pſal.* 50. 16. When he had read theſe words he ſate down, and burſt out into abundance of Tears, the whole Congregation weeping with him alſo, ſo that he was not able to ſay any more unto them. After this he wandered

up

up and down in great grief and torment of Conſcience; and wrote the following Lamentation.

IN the bitterneſs of grief of Mind, I go about to ſpeak unto them, who ſhall hereafter read this confuſed Writing. But how can I ſpeak, when my Tongue is tied up, and my Lips dare not once more wag? My Tongue doth not his Office, my Throat is dried up, and all my Senſes and Inſtruments are polluted with Iniquity---- O ye Saints and Bleſſed of God, with Wateriſh Eyes, and wet Cheeks ſoaked in Dolour and Pain, I beſeech you to fall down before the Seat of Almighty God, for me miſerable Sinner, who by reaſon of my Sins dare not crave ought at the Hands of God. Wo is me, becauſe of the Sorrow of my Heart.--

Wo

Wo is me my Mother, that ever thou broughteſt me forth.——— A Righteous man, to be converſant in Unrighteonſneſs: An Heir of the Kingdom of God, to be now an Inheritor of the Kingdom of Satan: A Miniſter, to be found wallowing in Impiety: A Man beautified with Honour and Dignity, to be in the end blemiſhed with Shame and Ignominy:———A lofty Turret, yet ſuddenly thrown to the Ground: A burning Light, yet forthwith darkned: A fruitful Tree, yet quickly withered: A running Fountain, yet by and by dryed up. Wo is me, that ever I was decked with Gifts, and Graces, and now ſeen pittifully deprived of all. But who will miniſter moiſture to my Head? And who will give

ſtreams

ſtreams of Tears, unto my Eyes, that I may bewail my ſelf in this my ſorrowful Plight? Alas! O my Miniſtery, how ſhall I lament thee? O all ye my Friends, tender my Caſe, and pitty my Perſon, that am ſo dangerouſly wounded. Pitty me, O ye my Friends, for that I have now trodden under Foot, the Seal and Cogniſance of my Profeſſion, and joyned in League with the Devil. Pitty me, O ye my Friends, for that I am rejected, and caſt away from before the Face of God.—— There is no Sorrow comparable to my Sorrow; there is no Affliction that exceeds my Affliction, no Bitterneſs that paſſeth my Bitterneſs, no Lamentation more lamentable than mine; neither is there any Sin greater than mine; and there

there is no Salve for me: Where is that good Shepherd of Souls? Where is he that went down from Jeruſalem *to* Jericho, *which Salved and Cured him that was wounded by Thieves? Seek me out, O Lord, that am fallen from the higher* Jeruſalem, *which have broken the Vow that I made in Baptiſme,* &c. *Alas! that ever I was Doctor, and now occupy not the Room of a Diſciple. Thou knoweſt, O Lord, that I fell againſt my will; whereas I went about to enlighten others, I darkened my ſelf: when I endeavoured to bring others from Death to Life, I brought my ſelf from Life to Death: When I minded to preſent others before God, I preſented my ſelf before the Devil: When I deſired to be found a Friend and Favourer*

vourer of Godlineſs, I was found a Foe and furtherer of Iniquity: when I ſet my ſelf againſt the Aſſemblies of the Wicked, and reproved their doings, there found I Shame, and the moſt Peſtilent wound of the Devil. Some promiſed me to be Baptiſed; but after that I paſſed from them, the Devil the ſame Night transformed himſelf into an Angel of Light, and ſaid unto me, When thou art up in the morning, go on, and perſwade them, and bring them to God: But the Devil going before me, prepared the way, &c. and I, O unhappy Creature, skipping out of my Bed at the dawning of the Day, could not finiſh my wonted Devotion, neither accompliſh my uſual Prayers, deſiring that

that all Men might be ſaved, and come to the knowledge of the Truth, whilſt in the mean time I wrapped my ſelf in the Snares of the Devil. I gat me to thoſe wicked Men, I required of them to perform the Covenant made the Night before, I, ſilly Soul, knowing not their ſubtilty, and we came to the Baptiſme. O blinded Heart, how didſt thou not remember? O fooliſh Mind, how didſt thou not bethink thy ſelf? O witleſs Brain, how didſt thou not underſtand? But it was the Devil that lulled thee aſleep, and in the end ſlew thy unhappy and wretched Soul? —— O thou Devil, what haſt thou done unto me? How haſt thou wounded me? I bewailed ſometimes the fall of Sampſon, *but now*

have I fallen worſe my ſelf: I bewailed formerly the fall of Solomon, *but now have I fallen worſe my ſelf:* Sampſon *had his Hair cut off, but the Crown of Glory is fallen off my Head.* Sampſon *loſt the Carnal Eyes of his Body; but my Spiritual Eyes are put out: It was the wilineſs of a Woman that brought Confuſion upon him: but it was my Tongue brought me into this Sinful Condition.——— Alas! my Church liveth, yet I am a Widdower: My Sons be alive, yet I am Barren. Every Creature rejoyceth, and I alone am deſolate and ſorrowful,* &c. *Bewail me, O ye bleſſed People of God, who am baniſhed from God.——— Bewail me, who am ſhut out of the Wedding Chamber of Chriſt. Bewail me, who am*

am abhorred of the Angels, and ſevered from the Saints.—— Who knoweth whether the Lord will have Mercy on me, and whether he will pity my Fall? Whether he will be moved with my Deſolation? Whether he will have reſpect to my Humiliation, and incline his tender Compaſſions towards me? I will proſtrate my ſelf before the Threſhold and Porch of his Church, that I may intreat all People both ſmall and great, ſaying unto them, trample and tread me under foot, who am the unſavoury Salt, tread upon me who have no Taſte nor ſavour of God; tread upon me, who am fit for nothing. Now let the Elders mourn, for that the Staff whereon they leaned is fallen: Now let the Young Men mourn, for that their

Schoolmaſter is fallen: Now let the Virgins Mourn, for that the Advancer of Virginity is defiled. Now let the Miniſters mourn, for that their Patron and Defender is ſhamefully fallen. Wo is me that I fell ſo lewdly? Wo is me that I fell moſt dangerouſly, and cannot riſe again. Aſſiſt me, O Holy Spirit, and give me Grace to Repent; let the Fountain of Tears be opened and guſh out into Streams, to ſee if peradventure I may have Grace throughly to repent, and to wipe out of the Book of my Conſcience, the Accuſations Printed therein againſt me. But thou, O Lord, think not upon my polluted Lips, neither weigh thou the Tongue that hath uttered lewd things, but accept of my Repentance, &c. And have

mercy

mercy upon me, and raiſe me up out of the Mire of Corruption, for the puddle thereof hath even choaked me up. Wo is me that was ſometimes a Pearl gliſtering in the Golden Garland of Glory, but now am thrown into the Duſt, and trodden in the Mire of Contempt. Wo is me that the Salt of God now lieth on the Dunghil, &c. *Now I will addreſs my ſelf, and turn my talk unto God: Why haſt thou lift me up, and caſt me down?* —— *I had not committed this Impiety, unleſs thou hadſt withdrawn thine hand from me.* —— *But why, O Lord, haſt thou ſhut my Mouth, by thy Holy Prophet* David? *How, have I been the firſt that Sinned, or am I the firſt that fell? Why haſt thou forſaken*

me, being deſolate, and baniſhed me from among thy Saints, and aſtoniſhed me, when I ſhould Preach thy Law? —— David *himſelf, who hath ſhut up my Mouth, ſinned too bad in thy ſight, yet upon his Repentance thou receivedſt him to Mercy.* Peter, *that was a Pillar, after his fall, wipes it away with Salt Tears, not continuing long in the puddle of his infidelity.*—— *Now I humbly beſeech thee, O Lord, call me back, for that I tread a moſt perillous and deſtructive way; grant me that good Guide and Inſtructor, the Holy Ghoſt, that I become not an Habitation of Devils: But that I may tread under foot the Devil, that trod upon me, and overcoming all his ſleights, may be again reſtored to the*

Joyes

Joys of thy Salvation.——Now all ye which behold my Wound, tremble for fear, and take heed that ye ſlumber not, nor fall into the like Crime: But rather let us aſſemble together, and rend our Hearts, &c. *I mourn and am ſorry at the Heart-Root, O ye my Friends, that ever I ſo fell,* &c. *Let the Angels lament over me, becauſe of this my dangerous fall. Let the Aſſemblies of Saints lament over me, for that I am ſevered from their bleſſed Societies. Let the Holy Church lament over me, for that I am wofully declined. Let all the People lament over me, for that I have my Deaths Wound.——Bewail me that am in like Caſe with the Reprobate* Jews, *for this, which was ſaid unto them, why doſt thou Preach*

my

my Laws, &c. Now ſoundeth alike in my Ears; what ſhall I do that am thus beſet with manifeſt Miſchiefs? Alas! O Death, why doſt thou linger? Herein thou doſt ſpite, and bear me malice. O Satan, what miſchief haſt thou wrought unto me? How haſt thou pierced my Breaſt, with thy poyſonous Dart? Thinkeſt thou, that my Ruine will avail any thing at all? Thinkeſt thou to procure to thy ſelf any Eaſe or Reſt, whilſt that I am grievouſly tormented; who is able to ſignifie unto thee, whether my Sins be wiped and done away? Whether I ſhall not again be coupled with, and made a Companion to the Saints? O Lord, I fall down before thy Mercy-Seat; Have Mercy upon me, who mourn thus out of meaſure, becauſe

becauſe I have greatly offended———*Rid my Soul, O Lord, from the Roaring Lyon. The Aſſembly of the Saints doth make Interceſſion for me, who am an unprofitable Servant. Shew mercy, O Lord, to thy wandering Sheep, who is ſubject to the rending Teeth of the ravenous Wolf: Save me, O Lord, out of his mouth,* &c. *Let my Sack-cloth be rent aſunder, and gird me with Joy and Gladneſs. Let me be received again into the Joy of my God. Let me be thought worthy of his Kingdom, through the earneſt Petitions of the Church, which ſorroweth over me, and humbleth her ſelf to Jeſus Chriſt in my behalf; to whom with the Father, and the Holy Ghoſt, be all Glory and Honour, for ever and ever.* Amen.

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